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"OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

TWO ARTILLERYMEN "PUT ONE OVER" ON OLD PEPPER, REGIMENTAL COMMANDER.

Synopsis.—Fired by the sinking of the Lusitania, with the loss of American lives, Arthur Guy Empey, an American living in Jersey City, goes to England and enlists as a private in the British army. After a short experience as a recruiting officer in London, he is sent to training quarters in France, where he first hears the sound of big guns and makes the acquaintance of "cooties." After a brief period of training Empey's company is sent into the front-line trenches, where he takes his first turn on the fire step while the bullets whiz overhead. Empey learns, as comrade falls, that death lurks always in the trenches. Chaplain distinguishes himself by rescuing wounded men under hot fire. With pick and shovel Empey has experience as a trench digger in No Man's Land. Exciting experience on listening post detail. Exciting work on observation post duty.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Cassell had a fancy for that particular blonde. The answer came back in the shape of a volley of curses. I changed the subject.

"After a while our talk veered round to the way the Boches had been exposing themselves on the road down on the chart as Target 17. What he said about those Boches would never have passed the reichstag, though I believe it would have gone through our censor easily enough.

"The bursting shells were making such a din that I packed up talking and took to watching the captain. He was fidgeting around on an old sandbag with the glass to his eye. Occasionally he would let out a grunt, and make some remark I couldn't hear on account of the noise, but I guessed what it was all right. Fritz was getting fresh again on that road.

"Cassell had been sending in the 'tap code' to me, but I was fed up and didn't bother with it. Then he sent O. S., and I was all attention, for this was a call used between us which meant that something important was on. I was all ears in an instant. Then Cassell turned loose.

"You blankety blank dod, I have been trying to raise you for fifteen minutes. What's the matter, are you asleep? (Just as if anyone could have slept in that infernal racket!) 'Never mind framing a nasty answer. Just listen.'

"Are you game for putting something over on the Boches and Old Pepper all in one?"

"I answered that I was game enough when it came to putting it over the Boches, but confessed that I had a weakening of the spine, even at the mention of Old Pepper's name.

"He came back with, 'It's so absurdly easy and simple that there is no chance of the old heathen rummying it. Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the blame.'

"Under these conditions I told him to spit out his scheme. It was so daring and simple that it took my breath away. This is what he proposed:

"If the Boches should use that road again, to send by the tap system the target and range. I had previously told him about our captain talking out loud as if he were sending through orders. Well, if this happened, I was to send the dope to Cassell and he would transmit it to the battery commander as officially coming through the observation post. Then the battery would open up. Afterwards, during the investigation, Cassell would swear he received it direct. 'They would have to relieve him, because it was impossible from his post in the battery dugout to know that the road was being used at that time by the Germans. And also it was impossible for him to give the target, range and degrees. You know a battery chart is not passed around among the men like a newspaper from Blighty. From him the investigation would go to the observation post, and the observing officer could truthfully swear that I had not sent the message by phone, and that no orders to fire had been issued by him. The investigators would then be up in the air, we would be safe, the Boches would receive a good bashing, and we would get our own back on Old Pepper. It was too good to be true. I gleefully fell in with the scheme, and told Cassell I was his meat.

"Then I waited with beating heart and watched the captain like a hawk.

"He was beginning to fidget again and was drumming on the sandbags with his feet. At last, turning to me, he said:

"Wilson, this army is a blankety blank washout. What's the use of having artillery if it is not allowed to fire? The government at home ought to be banged with some of their red tape. It's through them that we have no shells."

"I answered, 'Yes, sir,' and started sending this opinion over the wire to Cassell, but the captain interrupted me with:

"Keep those infernal fingers still. What's the matter, getting the nerves?"

When I'm talking to you, pay attention."

"My heart sank. Supposing he had rumbled that tapping, then all would be up with our plan. I stopped drumming with my fingers and said:

"Beg your pardon, sir, just a habit with me."

"And a d—d silly one, too," he answered, turning to his glasses again, and I knew I was safe. He had not tumbled to the meaning of that tapping.

"All at once, without turning round, he exclaimed:

"Well, of all the nerve I've ever run across, this takes the cake. Those Boches are using that road again. Blind my eyes, this time it is a whole brigade of them, transports and all. What a pretty target for our 4.5's. The beggars know that we won't fire. A d—d shame, I call it. Oh, just for a chance to turn D 238 loose on them."

"I was trembling with excitement. From repeated stolen glances at the captain's range chart, that road with its range was burned into my mind.

"Over the wire I tapped, 'D 238 battery, Target 17, Range 6000, 3 degrees 30 minutes, left, salvo, fire.' Cassell O. K'd my message, and with the receiver pressed against my ear, I waited and listened. In a couple of minutes very faintly over the wire came the voice of our battery commander issuing the order: 'D 238 battery. Salvo! Fire!'

"Then a roar through the receiver as the four guns belched forth, a screaming and whistling overhead, and the shells were on their way.

"The captain jumped as if he were shot, and let out a great big expressive d—d, and eagerly turned his glasses in the direction of the German road. I also strained my eyes watching that target. Four black clouds of dust rose up right in the middle of the German column. Four direct hits—another record for D 238.

"The shells kept on whistling overhead, and I had counted twenty-four of them when the firing suddenly ceased. When the smoke and dust clouds lifted the destruction on that road was awful. Overturned limbers and guns, wagons smashed up, troops fleeing in all directions. The road and roadside were spotted all over with little field gray dots, the toll of our guns.

"The captain, in his excitement, had slipped off the sandbag, and was on his knees in the mud, the glass still at his eye. He was muttering to himself and slapping his thigh with his disengaged hand. At every slap a big round juicy cuss word would escape from his lips followed by:

"Good! Fine! Marvelous! Pretty Work! Direct hits all."

"Then he turned to me and shouted: 'Wilson, what do you think of it? Did you ever see the like of it in your life? D—d fine work, I call it.'

"Pretty soon a look of wonder stole over his face and he exclaimed: 'But who in h—l gave them the order to fire. Range and everything correct, too. I know I didn't. Wilson, did I give you any order for the battery to open up? Of course I didn't, did I?'

"I answered very emphatically, 'No, sir, you gave no command. Nothing went through this post. I am absolutely certain on that point, sir.'

"Of course nothing went through," he replied. Then his face fell, and he muttered out loud:

"But, by Jove, wait till Old Pepper gets wind of this. There'll be fur flying."

Just then Bombardier Cassell cut in on the wire:

"General's compliments to Captain A—." He directs that officer and signaller report at the double to brigade headquarters as soon as relieved. Relief now on the way."

"In an undertone to me, 'Keep a brass front, Wilson, and for God's sake, stick.' I answered with, 'I rely on me, mate,' but I was trembling all over."

"I gave the general's message to the captain, and started packing up."

"The relief arrived, and as we left the post the captain said:

"Now for the fireworks, and I know they'll be good and plenty. They were."

"When we arrived at the gun pits the battery commander, the sergeant major and Cassell were waiting for us. We fell in line and the funeral march to brigade headquarters started.

"Arriving at headquarters the battery commander was the first to be interviewed. This was behind closed doors. From the roaring and explosions of Old Pepper it sounded as if raw meat was being thrown to the lions. Cassell, later, described it as sounding like a bombing raid. In about two minutes the officer reappeared.

"The sweat was pouring from his forehead, and his face was the color of a beet. He was speechless. As he passed the captain he jerked his thumb in the direction of the lion's den and went out. Then the captain went in, and the lions were once again fed. The captain stayed about twenty minutes and came out. I couldn't see his face, but the droop in his shoulders was enough. He looked like a wet hen.

"The door of the general's room opened and Old Pepper stood in the doorway. With a roar he shouted: 'Which one of you is Cassell? D—n me, get your heels together when I speak! Come in here!'

"Cassell started to say, 'Yes sir.' 'But Old Pepper roared, 'Shut up!'

"Cassell came out in five minutes. He said nothing, but as he passed me he put his tongue into his cheek and winked, then, turning to the closed door, he stuck his thumb to his nose and left.

"Then the sergeant major's turn came. He didn't come out our way. Judging by the roaring, Old Pepper must have eaten him."

"When the door opened and the general beckoned to me, my knees started to play 'Home, Sweet Home' against each other.

"My interview was very short. 'Old Pepper glared at me when I entered, and then let loose.

"Of course you don't know anything about it. You're just like the rest. Ought to have a nursing bottle around your neck and a nipple in your teeth. Soldiers—by gad, you turn my stomach to look at you. Win this war, when England sends out such samples as I have in my brigade! Not likely! Now, sir, tell me what you don't know about this affair. Speak up, out with it. Don't be gaping at me like a fish. Spit it out!'

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolutely nothing.'

"That's easy to see," he roared; 'that stupid face tells me that. Shut up. Get out; but I think you are a d—d liar just the same. Back to your battery.'

"I saluted and made my exit. 'That night the captain sent for us. With fear and trembling we went to his dugout. He was alone. After saluting we stood at attention in front of him and waited. His say was short.

"Don't you two ever get it into your heads that Morse is a dead language. I've known it for years. The two of you had better get rid of that nervous habit of tapping transmitters; it's dangerous. That's all."

"We saluted, and were just going out the door of the dugout when the captain called up back and said:

"Smoke Goldflakes? Yes? Well, there are two tins of them on my table. Go back to the battery, and keep your tongues between your teeth. Understand?'

"We understood. 'For five weeks afterwards our battery did nothing but extra fatigues. We were satisfied and so were the men. It was worth it to put one over on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the injury caused to Fritz' feelings.'

When Wilson had finished his story I looked up and the dugout was jammed. An artillery captain and two officers had also entered and stayed for the finish. Wilson spat out an enormous quid of tobacco, looked up, saw the captain, and got as red as a carnation. The captain smiled and left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Blime me, Yank, I see where I click for crucifixion. That captain is the same one that chucked us Goldflakes in his dugout and here I have been 'chucking me weight about in his hearing.'

Wilson never clicked his crucifixion.

Empey tells of a narrow escape in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Land of Lanterns."

Among the Chinese there has existed for ages a passion for fireworks and lanterns. In every city, at every port and on every river and canal, as soon as night comes on, the lanterns make their appearance. They are hung out at the door of every dwelling; they swing as pendants to the eaves of the pagoda; they form the fiery crown of every shop front; they cluster round the houses of the rich and light up the hovels of the poor; they are borne with the carriage of the traveler, and they swing from the yards and masts of his vessel.

First Springs Used on Railways.

The first record of the use of springs on railways is George Stephenson's patent of September, 1816. The first locomotive with steel springs was the Agnorita, built by Foster and Rastrick in 1820, and now in South Kensington museum, London. This had laminated springs on the leading wheels.

Hide Picture Wires.

Never, if you can help it, hang pictures so that the wires will show, and do let the pictures hang against the wall as if they were really and truly decoration.

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ONLY NEED TO CURB WASTE

Writer Points Out Reasons Why It Is Not Hard for American People to Save.

I do not know of a thing which everyone of us needs to keep closer to his consciousness than saving wherever and whenever possible. What most of us are prone to forget is our greatest asset at this time—the amount and extent of what we can save. As a people and as individuals we have been necessarily and disgracefully wasteful, have spent money, food, energy, productivity, simply because we were too lazy and indifferent to get no more than we needed to satisfy our reasonable desires. Seriously, that past wastefulness is just now about our greatest asset. We can save what we must without involving a degree of real sacrifice which the French, Belgian, and English people had at once to face. As I look upon it, saving at a real cost to one's comfort, ideals, and perhaps health is not an easy thing, though a very fine one. But saving for such easy-going reckless-spending people as we have been, means so little sacrifice of anything necessary or worth while that a man or woman will be some sort of a yellow cur or nameless pup not to do his or her utmost every day and every hour to save, save, save—and win.—By Roland G. Usher of the Vigilantes, Author of Pan-American.

Altogether Too Realistic. The critic seemed struck with the picture. "This snowstorm painting is very fine indeed," he said to the artist. "It almost makes me feel cold to look at it."

"Yes, it must be realistic," admitted the other. "A fellow got into my studio one day in my absence, looked at the picture, and unconsciously put my fur overcoat on before he went out!"

The chief burden of a woman's life is her neighbor.

Do Your Cows Fail to Clean? This is a serious condition and requires prompt attention. Dr. David Roberts' Cow Cleaner gives quick relief. Keep it on hand and prevent the ruin of your cow. Read the Practical Home Veterinarian. Send for free booklet on Abortion in Cows. No charge in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Avenue, Waukegan, Wis.

For Constipation Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

WILLING TO SHARE DANGER

Brave French Woman No More Afraid of Air Raid Than Her Husband Was of Shells.

All Paris is laughing over the sangfroid of a young married midwife on the occasion of a recent air raid on Paris.

The heroine resides on the top story of a large apartment house, and when the warning was given was sound asleep.

The concierge, finding that she did not descend to the underground shelter, raced upstairs and banged at the door.

After repeated hammerings he woke the lady up, and called to her to immediately descend to the basement as a raid was on and she was in great danger on the top floor.

The reply he got was:

"Go away and let me sleep. My husband is in the trenches. Do you think he gets into a dugout every time a shell falls? Why should I, therefore, be frightened of an air raid?"

Seen Through. "Germany loves the little nations—Belgium, Roumania, Serbia, and so on—and now it appears that she loves the big nations, like Russia, too."

The speaker was Saburo Okabe of the Japanese embassy.

"But all of us," he went on, "see through Germany as clearly as the pretty Chicago heiress saw through the titled fortune hunter."

"You love me?" she said to the fortune hunter, lightly. "Oh, yes, of course—you love for my pelt alone."

It's a constwise steamer that manages to avoid the rocks.

They died as if overcome by sleep.—Hesoid.

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For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlum Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder you are doomed.

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They are not a "patent medicine" nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

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Do not delay a minute. Delays are especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All reliable druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlum Oil Capsules. They will refund the money if not as represented. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 18-1918.